



# He is a liar



16 25 22

## Chapter 1 by Celeste Koay Ting Ting

In the beginning, everything appeared to be so innocent. So wildly exciting and filled with mysteries.

## Chapter 2 by Kitiōn



In retrospect ignorance is a luxury so affordable when younger, because with our lack of experience it's difficult to appreciate the consequences of rash actions. That one single action has stayed with me every since - from a youth to an older man the consequences have never stopped hunting me. The truth of the matter is that all those years ago I should never have said yes to a simple dare.

## Chapter 3 by intellikat



And in fact, I didn't. I said no. I saved myself from a horrible car accident that left three of my best friends dead. But what did I lose in exchange? My humanity. I have spent three quarters of my life and all of my family's fortune hunting down the killers of my best friends. Fueled by hatred and revenge. Twisted into a monster. In brief, I wish I had died with them on that day,

## Chapter 4 by Szofia Jakobsson



What good did it do that I didn't get into the car, when I didn't stop my friends from doing so? And how had I helped them by dedicating my life to finding the driver of the other car? The idea didn't even appear to me until that woman had sat down by my table. With my eyes fixed to the plastic table I had only first noticed her by the smell. Stale cloth, unwashed hair and then her

yellow finger nails when she put her hand upon mine.

"I saw it happen" she said, with a See more of Story Wars appalling images of a smokers throat.

"It was an awful crash"

I still couldn't manage to look at her, didn't want to reveal the tears in a grown mans eyes.

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"if you find the one who did it, I promise you a reward."

"A reward?" I noticed my own voice had taken a beating as well.

"Yes. You see, this is not the first time that man has taken lives."

### Chapter 5 by intellikat



Now, here I was, outside his home. A modest, suburban home. Dull, even. In my lap was a handgun with a dull, black finish and a full chamber.

I stepped from my car and headed for his front door, and knocked.

### Chapter 6 by intellikat



He was no monster, in fact.

Strange how so many years can shape a fragmented memory into a terror. I expected to find a receptacle for my hatred in that instant I saw him answer the door, but all I saw was a fragile, elderly man with dishtowel in hand, surprised to see a stranger at his door. And this is the reason why emotions are so misleading, and why the many years of tracing this man and confirming my facts helped me to steady my nerve and draw the pistol from my coat pocket without hesitation and then pull the trigger. I watched as his face caved in and his body crashed back against the door and then down to the floor below. The blood flow was immediate and great, and I stood there long enough to register this image clearly for my own memory as if in silent meditation before a great hanging crucifix or glorious vista.

And then I turned, and walked calmly to my car.

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Her yellow fingernails sat across the table from me.

"It's good what you've done," she rasped. "You are a good man."

I said nothing.

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"I have the reward I promised you," he said, his hands clasped by criss-crossed rubber bands like a fetish. "But there's something I want from you. You've gone this far, perhaps you might go a little further still. I have a special favor to ask. The woman's eyes were

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like empty sockets. Emotionless, like his. "Come to my home tonight. It will only be me. Bring your gun with you."

### Chapter 7 by intellikat



The night was cold as I mounted the steps and knocked. She answered, crumpled cigarette between thin fingers, rasping a welcome and inviting me in. One drink in a dirty kitchen. Cheap scotch. And then a second. I followed her upstairs to a small room, bare, wooden floor. Two chairs and a table. I placed my scotch on the table and waited for her to speak.

"I'm afraid... that I've lied to you," she said, and began to unzip her cheap windbreaker.

### Chapter 8 by intellikat



With her other hand, she pulled a wig from her head and smeared away her lipstick with a hideous theatricality. In that moment, I realised her smoker's cough was no more than a way to disguise a deep voice. The voice of a man.

"He was my lover. I'm sorry. I used you. I knew you could do the thing I could not do myself."

I felt the gun in my coat pocket.

"And now... I ask you to do the last thing I cannot do myself."

"You... used me..." I struggled to get the words out.

"Yes. I used you," the man standing before me said. "Your story is known to everyone through the tabloids. All those years of bottled rage, hunting down your friends' killer. But you never found him. But I have found a way to put your rage to use. And now, I ask you to do it once more." He motioned to the table. "A suicide note already written in my hand. A bottle of Scotch emptied. All you have to do is put that gun into my mouth and pull the trigger and the key to the downstairs safe is yours. No one knows what is in it. You can take what is there and then replace the key. Do it." He paused. "Do it."

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Down the stairs to the study. The safe beneath the desk. I open it and find it is empty. Cursing the body one floor above me and cursing myself for being tricked a second time, I return to the room and throw the key at the man's chest. In that moment, I hear the police sirens approaching from the street outside, and out of a caution I have learned over the years, I snatch up the paper on the table and read.

You have become  
The monster you once hunted  
All your rage ends here.

the end

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